

Exhibit 1

Honorable I. Leo Glasser
United States District Judge
United States District Court
Eastern District of New York
225 Cadman Plaza East Brooklyn, New York 11201

Dear Judge Glasser,

My name is Bonnie Lawless. I am Robert Bandfield's only daughter. I work as fine artist in Portland, Oregon. I am 36, married and have an 8 year-old son.

I realize that my father has pled guilty and I wanted to write to you on his behalf in order to help provide you with some information that I hope you will consider in making your decision in regards to his sentencing.

I have known my father my entire life. We have always had an incredible bond. As a young child I did not live with him, but I constantly received very thoughtful letters, photos and phone calls from him. He paid child support to my mom and always provided anything we ever needed. When my brother and I did see him, we always had the best time. He would take us camping and on fun adventures to the mountains. He taught us how to shoot a bow and catch a fish. He would always make us laugh with his silly faces, homemade songs and jokes. He was very knowledgeable about the outdoors and taught my brother and I so much in the time we had with him, both camping and life skills. I always felt loved by him, even in his absence.

When I got to middle school age my father came back into my life in a permanent way. His mother became ill and he came back to Oregon to be with her and his sister. At this point, my brother moved in with him and, together with the help of family, he built a house. He taught my brother his incredible carpentry skills which he learned much of from his own father. If you could draw it, my Pop could make it.

When the house was complete, I moved in with him too. He supported me in ways I had not felt before. He encouraged me in my passion for the arts and truly

made me believe that if I put my mind and heart into something, I could do anything. He never missed a dance recital and was constantly giving me cool old movies to watch and poetry to read. When I got into high school, he built me dark-room and taught me all about photography, which ended up being one of my university degrees. He inspired me deeply and always took an interest in all my passions. He was the best artist I knew and to this day I love his work. His acrylic portrait paintings capture a genuine empathy that gives them extremely insightful emotional elements.

During this time my best friend in high school was suffering deeply as a result of having abusive, addict parents. Without a question my Pop invited her to live with us in our spare room. Her father gratefully approved and my Pop took her in as his own daughter. She lived with us for a couple of years and my Pop always made her feel welcome and empowered in her interest in fashion and design. He helped her financially with these endeavours, as well as providing her with emotional support. I would like to note that she has gone on to win two Emmy awards for costume design, in no small part thanks to my father's support in her teenage years.

My relationship with my Pop has grown and changed since then, yet throughout it all I have always felt loved, supported and very confident in his dedication to living a life of compassion, with an ever-constant interest and curiosity for life and living a life where he wouldn't hurt anyone. He always told me not to judge because we all have our own story and that one must always treat people equally.

When I had an abortion, he was the person I called. When I sank into a depression and needed help, he was there . When I fell into financial crises he helped me out. When I needed to go through rehabilitation he was the one that made that happen. I owe so much to him.

Now that I am a mother myself, our relationship has turned more to a friendship and a camaraderie in the arts. I want nothing more than to be able to allow this relationship to flourish and allow my son to have a relationship with him too. The majority of my son's family reside in Ireland and Robert would be his only grandfather here and what an awesome grandfather I know he would be.

Last month, my son, husband and I have moved back to Oregon to be closer to my family. It has been an excruciatingly painful time for me, as I know my Pop was planning on retiring in Oregon and that relationship for my son and nephew would have been epic. However, since his incarceration, this feels as if this may never happen. It is an utterly heart-breaking feeling for my brother and I, as well as our young boys. Robert was going to build them a tree-house, and he and I were going to collaborate on various art projects for the first time ever. I wanted him to teach me about wood and I wanted to share some video techniques with him. Making art with my father has been a lifelong dream that I hold very tightly to.

During Robert's time in incarceration he has expressed deep remorse for his actions and wants nothing more than to live out his last years, quietly with his family, fulfilling dreams and taking on creative projects. My family and I love Robert dearly. He is beyond special to us and in general as a person. How many people have been a dentist, photographer, painter, jewellery maker carpenter, racquet-ball player, mountain-climber, and craftsperson all in one life? I would do anything to have him back in our lives and for him to be able to settle down for the last few years of his life and get to enjoy his family.

Robert didn't have the best childhood as I've been told. His bipolar sister abused him and his parents were quite harsh. He spent most of his days in the forests,

whittling small wooden animals he observed. He has always had a big heart for animals of all kinds. He bought me my first dog and signed me up for the World Wildlife Foundation so I could be a part of animal conservation. As a child, my Pop was a loner and always tried to make everyone happy and be the best he could be. This was true even when it came to the extent of hurting himself. I believe he wanted to be the stability he never had for his family and so he worked extra hard trying to prove himself to us. I don't think he ever realized, until now, that we all loved him for who he was. He never felt good enough for his parents and as a result carried on that feeling to other relationships, especially towards his children. His intentions were never malevolent. He believed in freedom and expression and always taught my brother and I to follow our hearts but never hurt anyone in the process. I truly believe this about my father. He is a beautiful, creative and massively intelligent man with a good heart who compromised himself in order to try to prove his abilities and make sure he could provide for all of his family. He trusted greedy people and lost sight of why he worked so hard: his family. He got caught up and now finds himself behind bars, 71 years old with nothing to show and no family around him. I know if he could have a chance he would be a blessing for so many people and would dedicate the rest of his life to his family and his passion of making art. He has all of my family's support and we ask that you please be lenient on his sentence as his role as a father, grandfather, partner and friend are needed dearly.

Thank you so very much for your time, Your Honour.

My Very Best Regards,

/s Bonnie Lawless